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The carnation

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THE
CARNATION.

Edward To the HONOURABLE *Philip*
MISS GRACE PELHAM.

A P O E M

U P O N

H E R M A R R I A G E

To the HONOURABLE

LEWIS WATSON, Esq;

To Thee, fair Excellence! I fly,
And in thy Bosom beg to die! *The CARNATION.*

*Telle, aimable en son air, mais humble dans son Style,
Doit éclater sans pompe une élégante Idylle. Boileau.*

Hail, wedded Love! —————
Perpetual Fountain of domestic Sweets! *Milton.*

BY R. D T E R.

L O N D O N:

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M DCC LIII,

THE



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

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THE *Author* has not, for several Years, propos'd to himself any other Advantage from *Poetry*, than that *innocent Amusement* which it privately affords him in his little Study: And therefore did not think to let his humble *Muse* wander abroad any more, after having received greater Favour and kinder Treatment from the World, than she deserved: But being, at his leisure Hours, much delighted with the pleasing *Productions* of a small *Garden*; and having the Honour to be known to the GREAT FAMILY with whose Name he has graced his *Title-Page*, he compos'd a *Nosogay* of various Flowers, and the following *simple Strains* to accompany it to the Honourable young LADY to whom they are now thus publicly address'd. The principal Flowers in the Composition of that little *Bouquette* were CARNATIONS, which the *Author* had rais'd, with uncommon *Bloom* and *Fragrance*, at this dead Season of the Year.

As he knows how little *Praise* he may deserve from *Poetry*, he is as little anxious and solicitous about obtaining it, especially as he is now so far advanced in Years: And therefore having no *poetical Vanity* to

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

indulge, he is so very indifferent about troubling the World with any of his Performances, that it has been, for some time, a Question with him, whether he should risk the Publication of this *Trifle* or not; which is the true and real Reason that it has been so long delayed: And therefore the *Humility* with which it is now submitted to the *Public*, should incline every *generous-spirited* Reader to look with some degree of *Candour* and *Good-nature* upon its many *Errors* and *Imperfections*.

Stamp-Office, Lincoln's-Inn,
March 2, 1753.



T H E



T H E
C A R N A T I O N.

To the HONOURABLE

M I S S G R A C E P E L H A M.



VOUCHSAFE, fair PELHAM, to peruse
The *Triflings* of an humble *Muse*;
Too much depress'd by *Fortune's* Wheel
Envy to fear, or *Praise* to feel;
To find the Way is past her Skill,
To *Pindus* or *Parnassus* Hill;
Yet round their flow'ry Vales she strays,
Well pleas'd while Others she surveys

Their

Their *Harps* upon the Summit string,
 And grow immortal as they sing;
 With L--T--L--T--N their Voices raise
 To merit *Universal Praise*;
 Contented, if with Lays like these,
 She can a darling *Daughter* please;
 A *Daughter*, blest'd with ev'ry Grace,
 Of PELHAM's, and of RUTLAND's Race;
 Whose *Virtues* shall her Strains inspire,
 And animate the languid *Lyre*.

But, MADAM, tho' it *low* may seem,
 Yet sure *uncommon* is her Theme;
 In *Nature's* pure Simplicity,
 Her *Subject* and her *Verse* agree:
 No Strokes of *Art*, no study'd *Sense*,
 Her lowly Language influence;
 Her whole Support is *Innocence*.
 Nor, at th' Expence of *Virtue*, dares
 To lay for *Readers* impious Snares;

Nor,

Nor, at so dear a Price, would raise
A Friend to give her *partial* Praise.

And lest your *Judgment* should complain
She makes a simple *Drop* of *Rain*,
And (as absurd) a *Flow'r* to *speak*,
And thro' the *Laws* of *Nature* break,
The *Muse* your *Patience* must beseech
To own they're out of *Nature's* Reach;
To own they're *Miracles* to Thought,
Which *Bards* of ancient Days have wrought;
Who went, tho' gloriously, astray
From *Reason* and from *Nature's* Way;
And this ---surprising still, and odd! ---
Without the Aid of any * God;
As we could Instances arrange,
From *Homer*, *Æsop*, to *L'Estrange*;
For *Homer*, mighty Bard! in *Greek*,
Makes *Frogs*, and *Mice*, and *Horses* speak:

* The *Critics* and *Commentators* have censured *Homer* and *Virgil*, for introducing such Extravagancies as *speaking Horses* and *bleeding Myrtles*, without the Intervention of some *Deity*, to render such things *probable* as well as *marvellous*.

And

And *Virgil*, in his *Latian* Lays,
 (Whose Brows for ever wear the Bays!)
 His Master, *Homer*, to exceed,
 Makes *Myrtles* in the *Æneid* bleed;
 Nay, modern doughty *Wits* expose
 Strange and unheard-of Things in *Prose*;
 Which should, fair *PELHAM*, intercede
 For this poor *Verse* which now you read;
 And therefore thus its Tale pursues,
 For what can't *please* may yet *amuse*.

ÆGON * by Age almost a-ground,
 A little House at *Knightsbridge* found;
 And, on the western Side of that,
 A small, but useful *Garden-Plat*;
 Where he might breathe serener Air,
 Decaying *Nature* to repair:
 The *Muses* there, with all their Train,
 Would oft divert the ancient *Swain*;
 For he was early taught to sing;
 Was taught to strike the tuneful String;

* *Ægon*, the Author.

Was taught by ADDISON and STEELE,
 The Pow'r of *Poetry* to feel;
 But in his *Garden* lay the Snare
 To catch old ÆGON's Pains and Care;
 For there he, at his leisure Hours,
 Would raise variety of *Flow'rs*;
 At *Christmas* a CARNATION had,
 In all the Pride of *Summer* clad;
 In which the Bloom of *June* appear'd,
 As if 'twas in that Season rear'd;
 Which he had nurs'd with tender Care,
 And kept from the inclement Air.

By ÆGON's Converse one might trace
 (Though *mean* his Rank, and *low* his Place,) }
 He'd long rever'd the PELHAM Race.

PELHAM! attentive and sedate,
 Still watchful o'er *Britannia's* Fate;
 He, gracious Guardian of the Realm,
 Calm and serene directs the Helm;

His SOV'REIGN'S Servant and his Friend,
 On whom his People may depend:
 He, pleas'd to be less *Great* than *Good*,
 Firm to his *Word* and *Honour* stood,
 Th' inherent *Virtue* of his *Blood*:
 The World, who all his Actions scan,
 Acknowledge Him *an honest Man*.
 He fondly loves the *Muse's* Song,
 When *Truth* directs her Strains along;
 But yet rejects her with Disdain,
 When govern'd by a venal Vein.
 Blest be the *Patron* and the *Bard*,
 Who shall this righteous Rule regard!
 And doubly blest will be the * *Lays*,
 Which PELHAM shall vouchsafe to praise!
 Old ÆGON deem'd his *Flower* fair,
 And its Production singular;
 Then thus he said, with Thoughts clate,
 Oh! happy sure will be thy Fate!

* *Vide* Prior's *Alma*.

Go then, nor here remain and fade,
 To PELHAM, that illustrious Maid;
 With *Myrtle* I have prop'd thee round,
 Which with a filken Twine I've bound;
 And if, with *Awe* and *Lowliness*,
 Thou dost the *high-born* Maid address,
 I then may thus thy Fate foretell ---
 She'll deign thy balmy Sweets to smell,
 Then haply in her *Breast* be plac'd,
 And there with highest *Honour* grac'd!
Meekness with *Meanness* should be seen,
 So suit thy *Words*, thy *Air* and *Mien*;
 For *Meekness* oft a *Merit* proves,
 A *Merit* which that fair One loves;
Meekness, she knows, exalts the Mind,
 As *Pride* debases humankind;
 Tho' plac'd on high she *Pride* disdains,
 As if a *Nymph* upon the Plains.

The poor CARNATION soon was come
 To *Esher* ---- PELHAM'S * *Tusculum* !
 Its conscious *Lowliness* exprest,
 And thus the noble MAID addrest.

Offspring of *Patriot* PELHAM'S Flame !
 Fair Daughter of a *princely Dame* !
 To court thy Hand, bright Charmer, see
 A *Flow'r* of WINTER'S Progeny ;
 Rais'd by a tender, aged Hand ;
 And by whose soft and mild Command,
 To Thee, *fair Excellence* ! I fly,
 And in thy *Bosom* beg to die !
 For tho' we *Flowers* bloom apace,
 Adorn'd, like Thee, with ev'ry Grace,
 We live but for a little Space !

I long in *Glasses* was confin'd,
 Safe from the Rage of *Winter's* Wind ;
 Where shelter'd from the *Frost* and *Snow*,
 By *Art*, not *Nature*, forc'd to blow ;

* *Tusculum*, a Town of *Latium*, where *Cicero* had a Country-House, as Mr. *Pelham* has at *Esher* ; and about the same distance from *Rome* as that is from *London*.

But

But could not shed my *Odours* round,
 Where all in *icy Chains* were bound;
 Yet I as fresh and fair appear,
 As in the prime time of the Year;
 And all my *Virgin Bloom* I bring,
 Like *Flora* on her *Zephyr's* Wing,
 To hail thy equal sprightly *Spring*.

O save me yet awhile from Death!
 And chear me with thy *sweeter Breath*!
 For tho' the SUN, of *Flow'rs* the Sire,
 Did ne'er my shiv'ring Soul inspire,
 Yet grateful shall my *Fragrance* rise,
 Warm'd by the * *Sun-shine* of thy Eyes!
Sweetness I boast and *Modesty*,
 Tho' neither can I add to *Thee*.

My *Foster-Father*, at thy Gate,
 Stands anxious for his *Flower's* Fate;
 Let not his hoary Brow complain,
 We beg'd at E S H E R - P L A C E in vain!

* The Author is very sensible that the *Sun-shine* of a *Lady's Eyes*, is a trite *poetical* Expression, yet he could not resist the Fitness and Propriety of admitting it in this Place.

But

But with Benignity divine,
Native to noble PELHAM's Line,
 Regard thy Suppliant's fond Request,
 And let me as thy *Bosom-Guest*,
 At *Court* my little Charms display,
 Upon *Great GEORGE's Natal Day*;
 Where I, still proud of being *thine*,
 May in the *Royal Circle* shine;
 For tho' I am, alas, too mean
 With PELHAM's *Daughter* to be seen,
 Yet once, HUMILY could gain
 Preferment for a DROP of * RAIN;
 And, MADAM, if you'll lend an Ear,
 Its *Fate* and *Fortune* you shall hear.

'Tis by a *Persian Fable* told,
 And *Fables* often *Truths* unfold,
 That on a sultry Summer's Day,
 About the Month of *June* or *May*,
 This ancient Story took its Date;
 A Story wond'rous to relate!

* *Vide Spectator*, N^o 293.

Gay as the Season of the Year,
 Our *Goddeſs* FLORA did appear;
 Her Head with roſeat *Chaplets* crown'd,
 Which ſpread ambroſial Sweets around:
 The *Sun* too influenc'd her Flow'rs,
 As God-like GEORGE does *Europe's* Pow'rs:
 The *Sea* was calm, the *Sky* ſerene;
 * *Halcyon* to build her Neſt was ſeen;
 Yet, leſs than in a Moment's Space,
 A ſudden *Gloom* veil'd Heaven's Face;
 The *Bird*, diſtracted and diſtreſt,
 Unfiniſh'd left her floating *Neſt*;
 And round the Shores did flutt'ring fly,
 As if ſome dreadful Storm was nigh:
 A ſullen *Cloud* hung o'er the *Main*;
 It threaten'd much --- but did not *rain*;
 Yet, as the Cloud did wider ſwell,
 This little *Drop* of *Water* fell

* *Halcyon*, a Bird called *The King's-Fiſher*, which makes her Neſt upon the Sea, when it is calm and ſtill.

Out of its Skirts, by *Fate's* Decree,
 Into the briny, boundless Sea! ----
 ---- This but begins its History! ----

While there from *Wave* to *Wave* 'twas tost,
 And, as it were, its *Being* lost,
 To its poor Self it pond'ring said ----
 " Wherefore --- O wherefore was I made!
 " Of what *Significance* am I,
 " Amongst this vast Immensity
 " Of over-whelming fluid Matter,
 " This troubled World of restless Water!
 " While here I undistinguish'd lie,
 " What to the *Universe* am I!
 " What Good from my Existence springs,
 " To the amazing Frame of Things!
 " From me can *something* be produc'd,
 " That am to *nothing* thus reduc'd?
 " Or else I surely am the *least*
 " Of all that Heav'n with Being blest!

While

While thus it sadly made its Moan
(Misfortune seldom comes alone)
 An OISTER in its Neighbourhood lay,
 Which gaping eager for its Prey,
 Soon swallow'd up this *Drop of Rain*,
 Amidst its moralizing Strain.

Of sure Destruction then afraid,
 “ Where am I now, alas! it said:
 “ How could my cruel, wayward Fate,
 “ Doom me to this more dang’rous State,
 “ Than that in which I was before,
 “ Where I could range the Ocean o’er?
 “ I there of Liberty could boast;
 “ But that I priz’d not---till ’twas lost!
 “ From Nature Poets oft relate
 “ None are contented with their State:
 “ Most humbly therefore I submit,
 “ To what the Will of Heav’n thinks fit!
 A *Pow’r unseen* does all things guide,
 In whom all Beings should confide;

For in *Distresses* often lies
 The greatest *Blessing* in *Disguise* ;
 And true *Submission* shall obtain
 A sure *Reward* for all its Pain ;
 Which now the present Case will prove,
 And from the *Truth* all Doubts remove.

'Twas all in vain to seek for Aid :
 Within the *Oyster* long it laid ;
 But hard'ning there, by slow degrees,
 (O who the Fate of things foresees !
 And yet my *Tale*, tho' *strange*, is *true*)
 Into a brilliant PEARL it grew ;
 Which, being by a *Diver* found,
 Is now by *Fame's* loud Voice renown'd,
 And after all its Troubles past,
 Is rais'd to Dignity at last ;
 And shines aloft a glorious *Gem*
 Upon the *Persian Diadem* !

This *Tale* has shown a marv'llous Change !
 A *Tale* for vulgar Faith too strange !

A *Tale* so wond'rous ne'er was told
In *Metamorphoses* of old!

In *Ovid's* Verse we cannot see

A *Tale* so full of Prodigy!

Yet I shall think it mean and low,

To what my Happiness may grow,

If I can, M A D A M, you inspire

To give me all my Heart's Desire;

And all its boasted Dignity

Shall stand *unenvy'd* still for me:

From *Meekness* all its Fortune came,

And my Pretensions are the same.

Then grant me in your *Breast* a Place,
To give *unnecessary* Grace;

Our mutual Fragrance there shall meet,

And while we mingle Sweet with Sweet,

Each noble Youth, with envious Pain,

Shall grudge the Pleasure I obtain;

Far greater Pleasure and Renown

Than being plac'd on *Persia's* Crown!----

No more! --- These *fairy Tales* disdain!
Muse! strike a loftier, *Lyric Strain*,
 As loftier Thoughts inspire:
 The *Theme*, which now, thou must rehearse,
 Demands the Pow'r of *Pindar's Verse*,
 And all his *Gracian Fire*.

For lo! a potent *Rival* came,
 A *Rival!* with resistless Claim
 To fair GRACIANA's Breast;
 Where he has fix'd his blisful Throne,
 Where he resolves to reign alone,
 And be, by blessing, blest.

There needs not thy superfluous Aid,
 He to the poor CARNATION said,
 Where all *Arabia* breathes;
 Which feeble ÆGON can't describe,
 And far transcends thy *flow'ry Tribe*
 Combin'd in fragrant Wreaths.

Her

Her *virtuous Mind*, and *youthful Bloom*
Diffuse around *sincere Perfume*,

Sincere devoid of *Art*:

Her Praises dwell on ev'ry Tongue,
Like that bright *Dame's*, from whom she sprung,
Who charms great PELHAM's Heart.

The *Muse*, with pleasing Transport rais'd,
To hear her *Patroness* thus prais'd,
Consulted soon with *Fame*;

Who did the welcome News unfold,
And other glorious *Truths* she told,
While she reveal'd his *Name*.

For *Fame* industriously reports
At *Britain's*, and at *foreign Courts*
How WATSON is belov'd;
Completely in himself endow'd
For *Social Life*, and *Public Good*,
And for each State approv'd.

Trembling

Trembling the conscious *Muse* proceeds
To praise what all her Pow'r exceeds;

His *Taste*, his *Wit* and *Sense*;
Yet restless that she can't recite
How *studious*, *learned* and *polite*
He does these *Gifts* dispense.

Superior *Bards*, in sprightlier *Lays*,
Shall sing his modest *Merit's* Praise,
And set that *Merit* forth;
Merit! which early *Honours* won,
Honours! which yet are but begun,
Shall crown his noble Worth.

Whose *Virtues* soon shall brighter shine,
PELHAM! conjunctively with *thine*,
Th' *Oppressed* to relieve;
And with *Good-nature* like thy own,
Like *Thee* for *Truth* and *Justice* known,
Disdaining to deceive.

From

From LINCOLN's and from WATSON's Loins
(For Heav'n to *Patriot-Pray'rs* inclines)

A long and lasting *Race*
Of future *Worthies* shall be born;
Sages our *Senates* to adorn,
And ev'ry *Station* grace.

Thus shalt thou, in thy *Daughters*, see
Increase of num'rous Progeny
To glad *Increase* of Years:
From *Them* illustrious *Sons* shall rise,
To blest thy noble KATH'RINE's Eyes,
And shine among our *Peers*!

For PELHAM's Race deserves no less
Than those high Honours they possess,
And ev'ry *Nation* owns
'Tis higher Glory and Renown
To *serve* Great GEORGE and *Britain's* Crown,
Than *sit* on other *Thrones*.

F I N I S.





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